



Geronimo Stilton

THE PHANTOM OF THE SUBWAY



SCHOLASTIC



Geronimo Stilton

THE PHANTOM OF THE SUBWAY



SCHOLASTIC

Dear mouse friends,
Welcome to the world of



Geronimo Stilton



THE RODENT'S GAZETTE
EDITORIAL STAFF





Geronimo Stilton

A learned and brainy mouse; editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*



Thea Stilton

Geronimo's sister and special correspondent at *The Rodent's Gazette*



Trap Stilton

An awful joker; Geronimo's cousin and owner of the store Cheap Junk for Less



Benjamin Stilton

A sweet and loving nine-year-old mouse; Geronimo's favorite nephew

Geronimo Stilton

**THE PHANTOM
OF THE SUBWAY**



Scholastic Inc.

New York Toronto London Auckland Sydney
Mexico City New Delhi Hong Kong Buenos Aires

All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. No part of this publication may be reproduced, transmitted, downloaded, decompiled, reverse engineered, or stored in or introduced into any information storage and retrieval system, in any form or by any means, whether electronic or mechanical, now known or hereafter invented, without the express written permission of the publisher. For information regarding permission, please contact Atlantyca S.p.A., Via Leopardi 8, 20123 Milan, Italy; e-mail foreignrights@atlantyca.it, www.atlantyca.com.

eISBN 978-0-545-39189-4

Copyright © 2000 by Edizioni Piemme S.p.A., Corso Como 15, 20154 Milan, Italy.

International Rights © Atlantyca S.p.A.

English translation © 2004 by Atlantyca S.p.A.

GERONIMO STILTON names, characters, and related indicia are copyright, trademark, and exclusive license of Atlantyca S.p.A. All rights reserved. The moral right of the author has been asserted.

Based on an original idea by Elisabetta Dami.

www.geronimostilton.com

Published by Scholastic Inc., 557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.
SCHOLASTIC and associated logos are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of Scholastic Inc.

Stilton is the name of a famous English cheese. It is a registered trademark of the Stilton Cheese Makers' Association. For more information, go to www.stiltoncheese.com.

Text by Geronimo Stilton

Original title *Il fantasma del metrò*

Cover by Larry Keys

Illustrations by Blasco Tabasco and Guy Codana, revised by Federatto Brusco

Graphics by Merenguita Gingermouse and Topea Sha Sha

Special thanks to Kathryn Cristaldi

Translated by Joan L. Giurdanella

Interior design by Kay Petronio

First printing, November 2004



TERROR IN THE SUBWAY

*Cheese nibblets! The subway
was chasing me! My heart was
racing. My teeth were chattering.
My ears were ringing.*

I woke up with a start.

Pheew, it was only a
dream! That's right. I
was safe and sound in
my bed. My ears weren't

RINGING But the phone
was. I picked it up.

"Hello, *Geronimo
Stilton* squeaking."

My sister's shriek made





me jump. “Geronimooo! Get your tail to the office. **right now!** It’s important!” Thea yelled.

I looked at the clock and leaped.

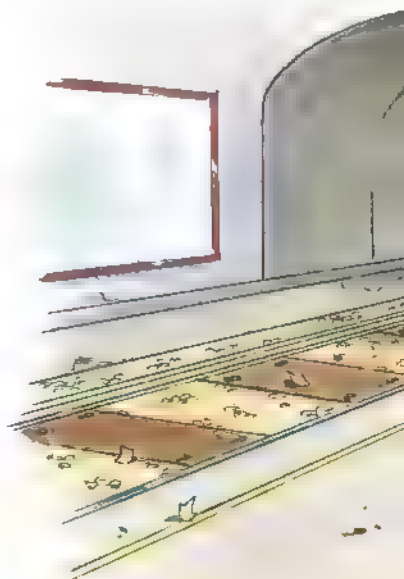
Whaaat? Ten minutes past nine? I was terribly **late!**

“I’m on my way,” I told my sister. But I was talking to a dial tone. One thing you should know about my sister. She’s not the most patient mouse on the block.

I JUMPED in the shower, brushed my teeth, and got dressed in record time.

Then I rushed to the Singing Stone Plaza subway station.

I was waiting for my train when I heard





a horrifying
sound.

MEOWWWW!!!

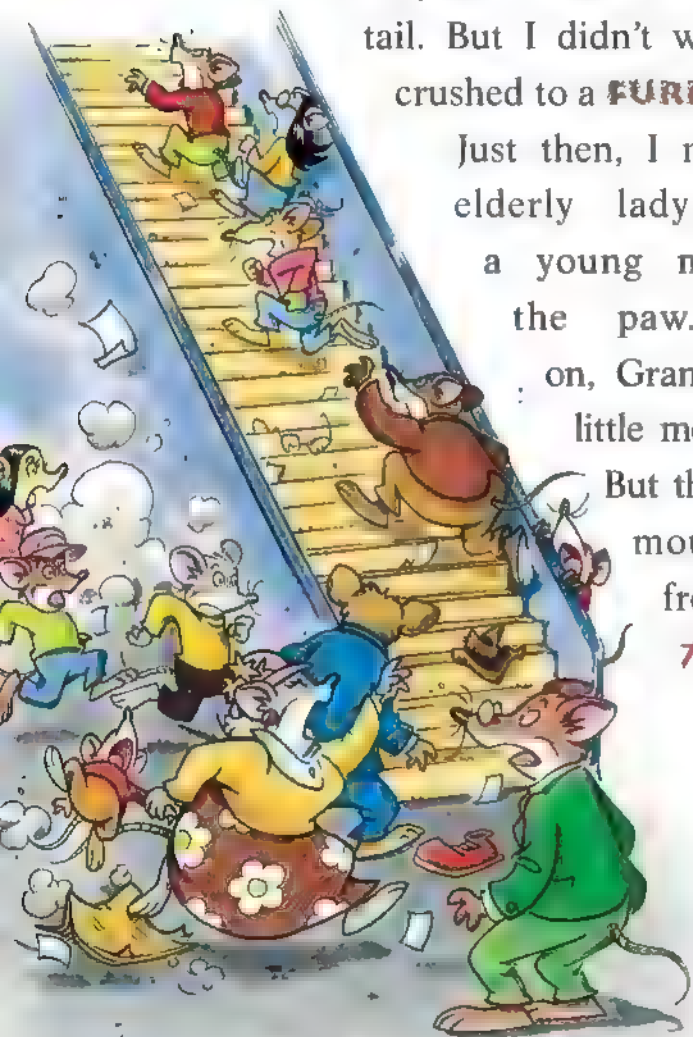
The crowd rushed for the stairs,
squeaking in terror. "A CAT! There's a CAT
in the subway!"

I ran for the exit, too. It was bad enough I
was late for work. I wasn't about to become
some cat's breakfast sandwich! Rodents



Just then, I noticed an elderly lady holding a young mouse by the paw. "Come on, Grandma," the little mouse cried.

But the old lady
mouse was
frozen with
fear.





Quickly, I grabbed her paw. “Don’t worry, madam,” I yelled. “Everything is going to be all right.” I scooped up the young mouse. Then I led them both up the stairs.

At last, we were outside.

“Thank you, you are a true *gentlemouse*!” squeaked the old lady gratefully.

I smiled. Do you like to help others? I do. It makes me feel all warm inside. Sort of like when you eat a delicious bowl of hot *shredded soup*.

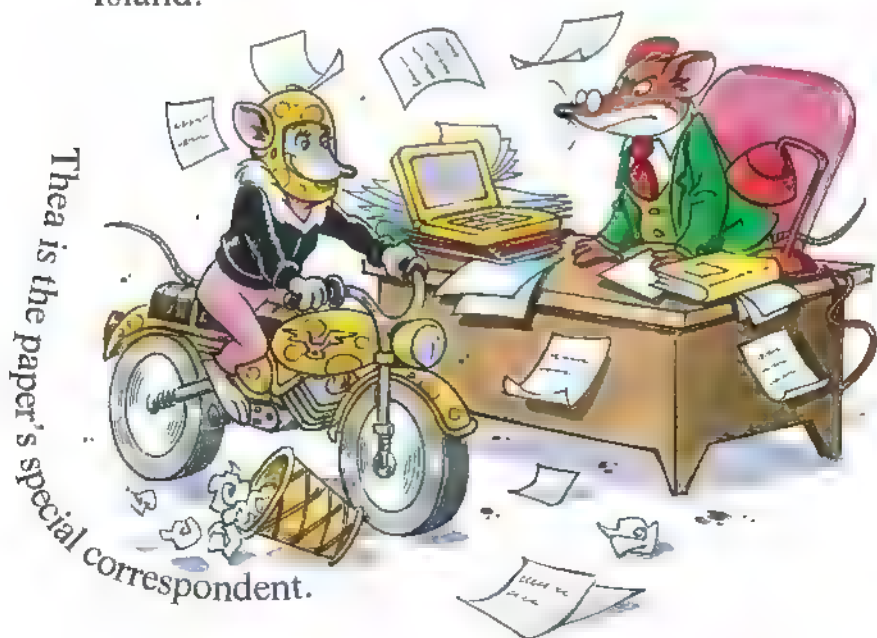
Thinking of soup reminded me that I had forgotten to eat breakfast. I was starving. I bought the little mouse a cheese **ICE CREAM**. Then I had one, too. Not my typical breakfast. But then this was not a typical morning.



A PHANTOM CAT

I looked at my watch. It was ten o'clock already! I had to get to the office right away.

Oops, I almost forgot. I never introduced myself. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. I run *The Rodent's Gazette*. It is the most popular newspaper here on Mouse Island.





Now, let's see, where was I? Oh yes, I was on my way to the office. I decided to hail a taxi. When I arrived at the *Gazette*, I looked for my sister.

Suddenly I heard the roar of a motorcycle. The door flew open and there she was.

I groaned. "Thea, how many times do I have to tell you?" I squeaked. "Don't ride your bike into my office!"

She just giggled. Then she parked her bike next to my desk. "Forget the bike, *Gerry berry*," she ordered. "I've got bigger news. It seems there's a humongous cat in the subway. It may even be a ghost! We *ab-so-lute-ly* have to beat *The Daily Rat* to the scoop!"

I tried to tell Thea about the meowing in the subway. But she wasn't listening. Once my sister gets on a roll, there is no stopping

her. She's like the *Apollo Swiss Cheese* rocketing into space. Three . . . two . . . one . . . blast off!



Now she raced to the **COMPUTER** and started surfing the Net.

"Here it is!" she shrieked, making me jump. You should know another thing about my sister. She is **VERY excitable**. She began to read the latest news on the mysterious cat. It went something like this:

On Monday, rodents reported smelling **CAT** pee-pee at the Cheese Rind Subway station.

On Tuesday, someone found strange **CAT** like scratches at the Scurryhill station.

On Wednesday, huge **CAT** prints were

found at the Nibble Drive station.

On Thursday, horrified passengers spotted a **CAT**'s shadow at the Curlyfur Court station.

On Friday (that's today), an awful **CAT**'s meowing was heard at the Singing Stone Plaza station. Rumor had it that the **CAT** was a ghost. Yes, an honest-to-goodmouse, horrible, horrifying, hideous ghost **CAT**!

I chewed my whiskers. "Can you please stop using that **word**?" I begged Thea. "You know I am terribly afraid of **CATS**."

My sister snorted. "Geronimoid," she smirked. "You are afraid of everything. In fact, if you weren't a mouse, I'd call you a 'fraidy **CAT**!"

I felt faint with fear. My sister has no sympathy for a mouse of my delicate nature.



ANYONE FOR GOLF?

At that moment, I noticed a fax coming in. It was a press bulletin.

"Inspector Blue Pat closes the subway for safety reasons!" it screamed.

Thea twirled her tail. "I just have to know more!" she cried. She picked up the phone and began calling all of her big-shot friends: the mayor of New Mouse City; the chief of police; the city's top cheese inspector; the world's most famous detective, Hercule Poirat. . . .

She put down the receiver, looking disappointed.

"Rats! This is just **un-be-liev-a-ble!** No one



Hercule Poirat



will tell me anything about the subway case!" she complained.

By now, it was already late afternoon.

Suddenly, an idea hit me. "Did I tell you that I've taken up golf again?" I said.

My sister put her paws on her hips. "Geronimo, I'm talking about a huge scoop," she grumbled, "and you're talking about golf. You are so foolish! You are so thick! You are such a **sheeshhead!**"

I rolled my eyes. Why did my sister love to pick on me? I was a good mouse. I never hurt anyone. Well, there was that one time when I accidentally ran over Uncle Nibbles's tail

Birdie
Whiskers





with my car. But that's another story. . . .

"For your information, Thea," I said, "I happen to have just met Birdie Whiskers down at the golf club."

My sister raised her eyebrows. I could tell she was impressed. That's because Birdie Whiskers was always in the news. He was a *championship golfer*. And besides winning tournaments, he also was the head of the entire subway system.

I picked up the phone and called Birdie. I congratulated him on his latest game. Then I asked him about the mystery in the subway. Unfortunately, not even Birdie could talk to me. The investigation was **top - secret**.

I hung up with a deep sigh.

Suddenly, my cousin Trap barreled through the door. Of course, he didn't



bother to knock. I don't think he even knows how. Yes, that cousin of mine is one pushy mouse. In fact, his nickname is Pushy Paws.

I stared at him now. He was loaded down with shopping bags.

"Have you heard the news? I am going to open my own bagel place!" he shrieked. "I'm going to call it **BIG BELLY BAGELS** FOR BIG-BELLIED RODENTS."





WHAT'S UP, COUSINKINS?

Trap dumped his bags on my floor. Then he pulled the wrapper off a cheddar lollipop. "What's up, Cousinkins?" he asked, plopping into my chair. He put his paws up on my desk. Then he started picking his snout.

"Do you mind?" I squeaked.

I shook my head **in despair**. Did I mention Trap can be a complete **slob**

sometimes? It's a wonder we are related!

He pulled the **LOLLIPOP** out of his mouth and burped. "Well, somebody forgot

“What's up,
Cousinkins?”





to take their anti-grouchy pill this morning,” he smirked.

He stuck his sticky lollipop in his pocket. Then he began cleaning his teeth with a toothpick.

By this time, I had had enough. I slammed my paw on my desk.

“Trap, can’t you see we are busy?” I burst out. “We are working on a story about the *PHANTOM* in the subway. It’s **big** news!”

His eyes grew wide. “Big news, huh?” he muttered, deep in thought. Then he grinned. “Don’t worry, Germeister. I can handle this one,” he said. “Just sit back and watch a pro at work.”

Before I could squeak, he grabbed the phone and started dialing. “I’ve got friends in all the right places, you see,” he explained. “Simpleton Smallpaw is the



nephew of the doormouse for the building where the head of the entire New Mouse City Transit Authority lives. Yep, Simp and I play checkers together every week at the ***Telltale Tavern.***

Seconds later, he was chatting away on the phone. First he told some awful jokes. Then he made some rude noises. Finally, he got down to business. "Listen, Simp, I'd love to blab all day, but I've got work to do. I need some info about that **CAT** in the subway," he said.

Ten minutes later, he hung up. A big smile spread across his face.

"I know everything!" he squeaked. "Am I **GOOD** or what?"

I tried not to roll my eyes. After all, I wanted to hear Trap's information. Still, it wasn't easy. I wanted to knock his paws off



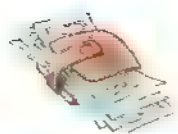
Trap grabbed the phone.



my desk. I wanted to throw his sticky lollipop out the window. But more than any of that, I wanted the **sleep**.

I leaned forward. "Well?" I asked in my nicest voice. "What's the news?" Beside me, Thea grabbed her notebook, pencil in paw.

But instead of spilling the beans, my cousin just snickered. He twirled his tail, looking smug. *Uh-oh*, I thought. When Trap gets that look, it can mean only one thing. Trouble with a capital **T**!



SECRET INFORMATION

I was right. Trap wasn't about to give his news away for free. He wanted to be paid. "I could use a few smackeros," he said. "I mean, I am opening up **BIG BELLY BAGELS**, you know."

I should have known. Trap is always looking for money. And I am his favorite mousey bank.

"Here is my offer," my cousin went on. "I will give you the inside scoop on the **CAT** in the subway. You will publish a special edition of the paper. Of course, it will make lots and lots of money. Then we will divide up the dough: **80** percent for me, **20** percent for you."

"What?! Are you crazy?" I squeaked. I



was fuming. What did I do to deserve such an obnoxious relative? He was so frustrating. He was so **ANNOYING**. He was enough to drive a mouse up a clock!

My cousin pretended to be shocked. "Listen, Gerry Berry," he squeaked. "You're lucky I'm giving you any info at all. In fact, maybe I should just make a deal with Sally Ratmousen. I bet she'd hand over some

COOH to get the scoop on this **CAT.**"

I turned pale. Do you want to know why? Sally Ratmousen is my archrival. She is the owner of *The Daily Rat*, my paper's biggest competition!





YOU ARE SUCH A PENNY-PINCHER, GERONIMO

I jumped to my paws. “That’s ridiculous!” I screeched. “You know Sally is my **number-one enemy!**”

Trap just sighed. “It’s your own fault, Geronimoid,” he insisted. “If you weren’t such a penny-pincher, you’d have your story.”

PENNY-PINCHER?! I couldn’t believe my ears. I am a lot of things: a scaredy mouse, a brainiac, a worrywart. But I am not a penny-pincher. Every year, I give dozens of free books to the Rattown Library. And on Christmas, I send a hundred cheddar logs to the residents at the Creaky Mouse Nursing Home. Why, I would



give my right paw for a rodent in need! I was so **MAD**, I couldn't squeak.

But it didn't matter. My sister had started screaming at Trap. Her ear-piercing squeak made my head pound. I was getting a mouse-sized headache.

Right then, Pinky Pick* marched into the room. One look at Pinky's face and

I realized that she had heard everything.

*Pinky Pick is my very young assistant editor. She is just fourteen years old. She goes to school in the morning, then works for the *Gazette* in the afternoon.



IT'S A DEAL!



Pinky hopped up and down on her pink platform shoes. "Everyone **freeze!**" she ordered.

Thea stopped yelling at Trap. Trap stopped yelling at Thea. I stopped chewing my **whiskers**. All eyes turned to my assistant editor.

Pinky is only a teenager, but she is not shy. In fact, she is the exact **opposite**. When that mouse starts squeaking, look out. She can talk the fur off a long-haired hamster!

"OK, here's the deal," she began.



1. *Trap tells us everything he knows.*
2. *I tell you how to get by the police barricades in the subway.*
3. *Thea organizes the whole expedition.*
4. *And, Boss, you put up the dough.*

She grinned and went on. "We'll divide the money among all four of us. That's **25** percent for everyone," she finished.

Trap groaned. "What? Equal shares?" he complained. "That doesn't sound fair."

Pinky twirled her tail. "Take it or leave it," she squeaked cheerfully.

For a moment, no one said a word. It was so quiet, you could have heard a sliver of Parmesan drop.

Then Trap stuck out his paw. "It's a deal!" he told Pinky. They shook paws.

I could tell Trap wanted more money. But I could also tell something else. He was impressed with my tough-talking assistant. Who would guess a little mouse in **pink shoes** could be so pushy?



A FIVE-HUNDRED- POUND FELINE?

We got right down to work. Trap listed all of the new info he had received from Simpleton Smallpaw.

1. New **CAT** scratches had been found on the cheese-pop vending machine at Scurryhill station.
2. Crimerat experts had examined the scratches. They concluded the cuts had been made by a twenty-foot-tall **CAT** who weighed more than five hundred pounds!
3. At Cheese Rind station, they found tufts of fur and a ten-foot-long **CAT** whisker.





4. The catology expert from the Mouseum of Rodent History said the mysterious **DARK GRAY** feline could be a gigantic specimen of *Colossal catitus*.



5. A feline psychology professor was working on a top-secret trap for the subway **CAT**. It involved a gigantic cage and four hundred boxes of Kitty Krunchies.





FOUR SUPER-SPICY PIZZAS!

When Trap finished, Thea grabbed the phone. She dialed the number for Rats Authority, the best store in town for sporting goods. “Yes, I’ll need four wet suits, four pairs of **rubber** boots, four flashlights . . .” she ordered. The list went on and on. I sighed. I had a feeling this expedition was going to cost me more than a five-course meal at Le Squeakery, my favorite French restaurant.

Trap used the phone next. He called the pizza place across from my office. “Hello? Send me four super-spicy, super-cheesy, super-large, super-expensive pizzas with **everything** on them. Right away!”



I groaned. Did he have to add expensive? Even pizza can get pricey in a place like New Mouse City.

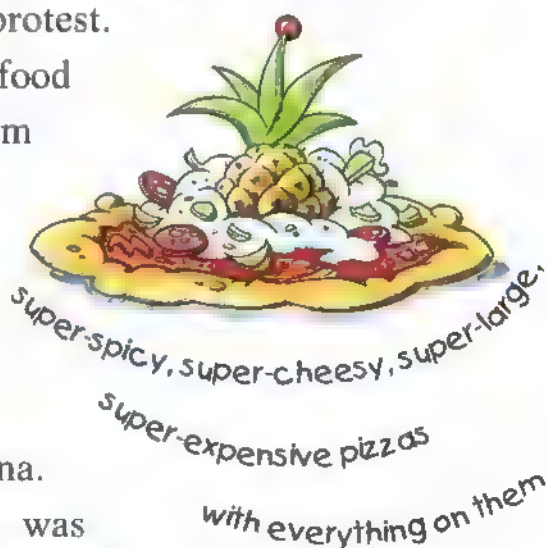
He was about to hang up when he shouted one last order. "One more thing," he added. "Make my cousin's pizza extra **SUPER-SPICY**. He needs to strengthen his stomach!"

I started to protest.

Eating spicy food
could kill me. I'm
not kidding.

One time, I
accidentally
ate a burrito
at Hotfur's
Mexican Cantina.

My stomach was
messed up for **months**!



I was still thinking about Hotfur's when



Thea grabbed my paw. “You’re coming with us, Geronimo, aren’t you?” she asked.

I didn’t say a word. There was no way I was going down into the subway’s **dark, SPOOKY** tunnels. Plus, I didn’t want to come snout-to-snout with a **gigantic CAT!**

“Ahem, well, actually, I feel like I might be getting a cold,” I explained.

Just then, Trap piped up. “My good friend Whiskers Malone told me that Sally Ratmousen is following the same hot trail. You wouldn’t want her to beat us to the scoop, would you?” he announced.

Rats! Just hearing Sally’s name made my tail twitch. As terrified as I was about encountering the phantom **CAT**, I knew I had to do it. I couldn’t let that rotten Sally Ratmousen beat me at my own game.



The Rodent's Gazette had to get the story before *The Daily Rat* did!

"I'm in!" I declared. I just hoped I wasn't *in* for trouble.





EAT, DRINK, AND BE SQUEAKY!

Moments later, the doorbell rang. It was the pizza delivery.

Trap ate his pizza in one **gulp**. He ate half of mine, too. Just looking at it gave me **HEARTBURN**.

Thea put film in her camera and stuffed it into her backpack.

Trap stuffed his pack with food. “**Eat, drink, and be squeaky!**” he chuckled.

The doorbell rang again.

This time it was the delivery from Rats Authority.

With a sigh, I put on my wet suit and rubber boots. I pulled on a helmet with a



flashlight attached to the brim. Across one shoulder I had a sturdy rope with a hook on the end. I PRAYED NO ONE WOULD SEE ME. I LOOKED RIDICULOUS. I mean, I don't have the body for adventure gear. Plus, I am a professional mouse. I like my suits and ties.


At last, we were ready. Ready for anything. At eight o'clock, we left. It was almost dark outside. We looked more like burglars than journalists hunting for a scoop.

Pinky took us to a **NARROW** alley at the back of the fish market.

She showed us a drain. "All the subway entrances have been closed by the police," she said. "But we'll get in through this drain."





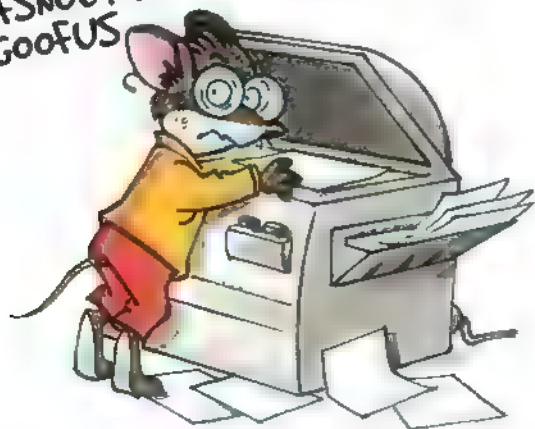
She held up a copy of a map. “We just follow this **sewer pipe** until we hit the number  line,” she explained.

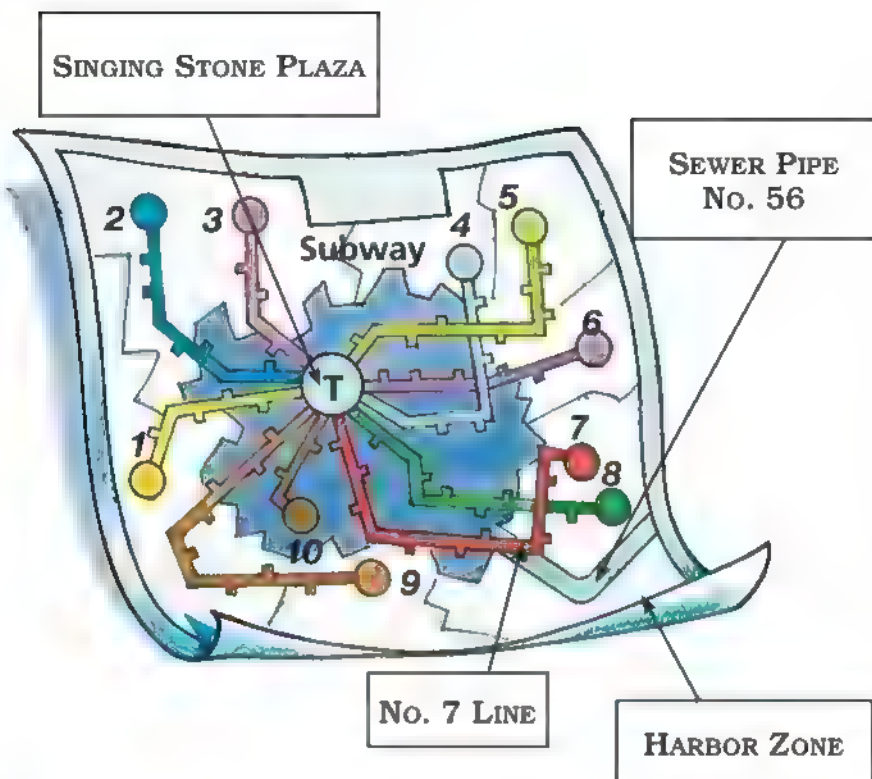
Trap stared at the map. “How did you get that?” he asked Pinky. I could tell he was impressed.

Pinky sniggered. “Goofsnout P. Goofus, my friend from school, made it for me. He is the assistant to New Mouse City’s sewer control manager.”

Suddenly, I realized what Pinky wanted us to do. “I absolutely **refuse** to go down into the sewers!” I squeaked.

GOOFSNOUT P.
GOOFUS





Subway Map of New Mouse City

T SINGING STONE PLAZA

No. 1 line **Mona Mousa Street**

No. 2 line **Fondue Arch**

No. 3 line **Paws-on-the-Nose Avenue**

No. 4 line **Daringmice Avenue**

No. 5 line **Chimneycaps Handwhiskers Street**

No. 6 line **Cheese Avenue**

No. 7 line **First Cheese Square**

No. 8 line **Mouse of the Sea Avenue**

No. 9 line **Mackerel Street**

No. 10 line **Saint Seed Pearl Street**



"I am not a sewer rat! I am a respectable mouse!"

Trap rolled his eyes at me. "Well, I just call that **FEAR!**" he snorted.

F as in **WHAT A 'FRAIDY MOUSE!**

E as in **ENOUGH WITH THE DRAMA!**

A as in **ANOTHER SILLY EXCUSE
DOWN THE DRAIN!**

R as in **REALLY, GERMEISTER, DON'T
BE SUCH A WIMP!"**

Then he added, "Just think about Sally. She may already be down there, stealing your *scoop!*"

Thea removed the grating and went in first. Pinky went next. I **GROANED**. I guess I had no choice. I had to go. I would never hear the end of it if Sally got the story. I followed Pinky's fading light. Trap insisted



that he would go down last.

“I want to make sure that Mr. 'Fraidy Mouse here doesn't scamper off,” he said. “It wouldn't surprise me. Even as a young mouselet, he was always ***RUNNING*** away from something.”

I started to argue, but Thea stopped us. “Shhhhhh!” she squeaked. “Shut your snouts and get going!”

SHHHHHH!





CAT CAT CAT CAT . . .

It was **dark** under the streets.

We climbed down an iron ladder one pawstep at a time. It was slippery. Very slippery. I was glad to be wearing those ugly rubber boots. So what if I was a fashion victim. At least I wouldn't break my tail.

The cold seeped through my fur. I sneezed.

Achoo!
"Achoo!"

I knew it! I've already caught a cold!" I moaned.

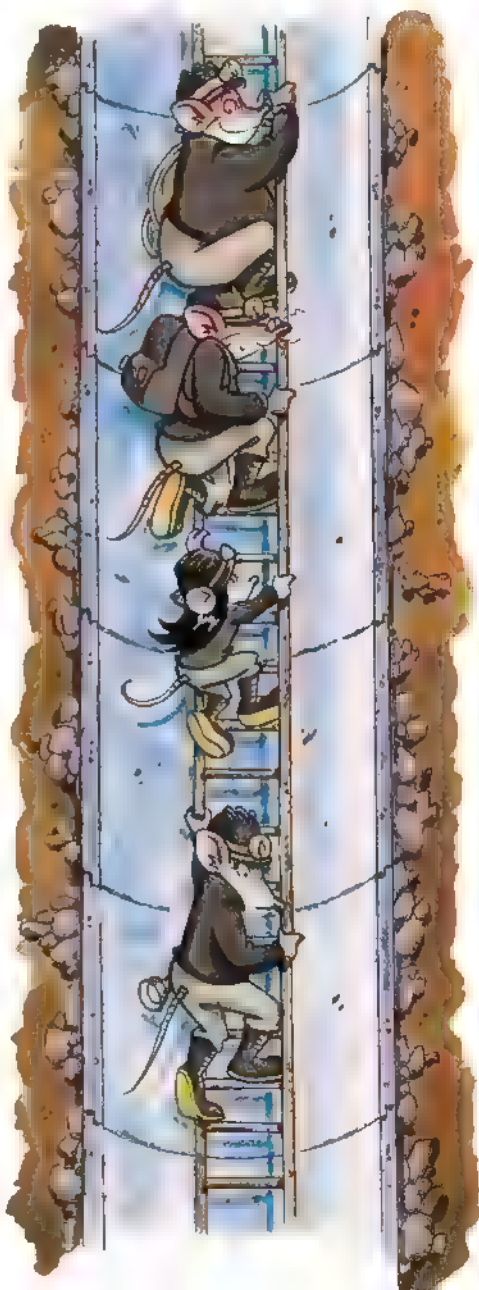
Trap snickered. "Poor Gerrykins has caught a coldykins," he squeaked in a high-pitched voice.

I would have yelled back, but I was too **SCARED**. Did I mention I'm afraid of heights? Down, down, down we climbed. Would this tunnel never end?

"That's it!" Thea said at last.

I rested my paws on the ground. What a relief! If only I could head home now. Instead, I looked around.


We were on a very slippery, narrow



pavement. A canal full of smelly sewage flowed to our left.

Just then, Trap pointed to a spot behind me. “Geronimo! There’s a **CAT** behind you!” he cried.

I shrieked in terror.



chuckled my cousin.

I chewed my whiskers, fuming.

Trap just snickered. “Lighten up, Gerry Berry,” he advised. He began dancing around me in a circle. “Put your paws in the air like you just don’t care! Kick up your feet and dance to the beat!” he sang.

I started to relax. Maybe Trap was right. Maybe I needed to stop worrying about everything. Maybe there really wasn’t a phantom **CAT** in the subway. Maybe it was



A canal full of smelly sewage flowed to our left.

Just then, Trap leaned over and shrieked in my ear, "MEOW!"

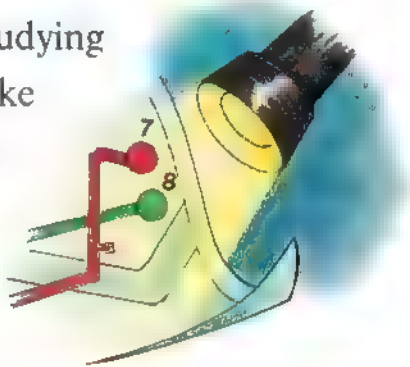
A collage of the word "MEOW" in various colors (pink, black, red) and orientations, scattered across a light background. A faint, stylized image of a cat's face is visible in the background.

I nearly jumped right out of my wet suit!
Why, oh, why was my cousin so **ANNOYING**?



CAT DOO-DOO

Thea was busy studying Pinky's map. "It looks like we have almost reached the end of this pipe. That means we should be crossing the number 7 line soon," she said.



"Then we're off to Singing Stone Plaza, the beginning of the line."

We marched along slowly in the dark. Our flashlights made *GHOSTLY SHADOWS* on the walls.

Suddenly, I slipped on a dark spot.

"Got to watch out for that **CAT** doo-doo, Cousinkins," Trap joked.

I shuddered.



The liquid flowing in the canal gave off a horrible stench.

"It really smells like **CAT** doo-doo, doesn't it, Geronimo?" my cousin chuckled.

I ordered myself to stay calm. "Please do not say that word again," I begged.

Trap snickered. "What word, Gerrykins?" he giggled.

When I didn't answer, he screeched, "What's wrong, has the **CAT** got your tongue?"

I shuddered again.

"Come on, let the **CAT** out of the bag, Geronimoid!" my cousin shrieked. Then he stuck his snout up to mine. "Gee, you look beat, Gerrykins. Maybe you should take a little **CAT** nap!"

Finally, I snapped.

Ehoooooooooooooooooooo



Ehooooooooooooooooooooo!"

I squeaked at the top of my lungs.

My cousin looked shocked. You see, I am usually a pretty mild-mannered mouse. I don't like to make a big squeak about things. Still, even I have my limits. I mean, I'm a rodent, not a **ROBOT**. I have feelings, too.

I was sick of Trap teasing me. It was time for me to put my paw down. Yes, this was the moment of truth. The moment I had been waiting for since I was a young mouselet. I would finally put my cousin in his place. I cleared my throat. Then I gulped. Two enormous yellow eyes had appeared out of nowhere. They glowed in the inky blackness. They were staring right at us!

I let out a shriek of utter terror.

"Heeeelp!!!"

**It's the
phantom
Cat!!!"**





I cried. I closed my eyes. When I opened them, the cat was gone.

How odd. Still, I heaved a sigh of relief.

Seconds later, Trap was up to his old *tricks*. Three times he pointed to a spot over my shoulder. “Geronimo, a **CAT!**” he cried. But he was only teasing.

We trudged on. Trap tried to *trick* me again, but I wasn’t falling for it. When he yelled **CAT**, I brushed him off. But this time, he had a strange look on his face. My heart leaped to my throat. Slowly, I turned around. Behind me loomed the shadow of a monstrous **CAT!** Its claws shot out, reaching for us.

Was this it? Was this how my life would end? Was I about to become just another dead rodent clogging up the drain?

“Good-bye, mouse *friends!*” I sobbed.



*Behind me loomed the shadow
of a monstrous cat!*



LIKE A SEWER RAT

Just then, the shadow disappeared. No one moved. *We were frozen with fear.* Finally, we hid around a corner.

Thea gave us half an hour's rest to pull ourselves together.

Trap immediately began searching through his backpack. "This calls for some serious munching!" he squeaked.

Out of the bag came a *crunchy pie*, a bag of nachos, and a jar of mozzarella balls.

This was followed by **three large rolls**, a pineapple cheesecake, and a box of **MINT JELLY CANDIES**.



My cousin opened a thermos and chugged down the contents.




“Gotta love that pickled pepper tea!” he spluttered, smacking his lips.

He finished with some onion-flavored chewing gum. “It freshens the breath,” he explained. Then he massaged his stomach and let out a loud **DURP!**

I know what you are thinking. How could such a *sophisticated*, civilized mouse like me be related to such an obnoxious, disgusting mouse? I have asked myself the same question many times. Unfortunately, I have not figured it out yet. Trap is definitely one of a kind.

I was still thinking about my annoying relative when Thea’s voice broke into my thoughts.

“OK, this is it,” she announced. “See that tunnel over there? That’s where the number  line begins. But we’ll have to cross the



sewage canal to get there.”

I stared at the canal. It was so dark. It was so smelly. “**I can’t do it!**” I decided. “Sorry, Thea, but I just can’t cross over that sewage.”

My sister didn’t blink an eye. In fact, she was already on her way. “Suit yourself,” she said over her shoulder.

I ran after her. “Wait!” I shrieked. “You can’t just leave me here all alone!”

Thea put her paws on her hips. “Well, then, come on, ’fraidy mouse!”

It was so smelly!

she snorted. “I haven’t got all day! Move your tail, or I’ll tie it up in a knot!”

What could I do? I followed with my tail






between my paws. I was still scared, but at least I wasn't alone.

Thea threw a rope across the canal. The metal hook on the end of the rope grabbed the ladder on the opposite side of the sewer.

We crossed the canal, hanging from the rope. Luckily, it wasn't very deep. The **STINKING** liquid barely reached our snouts.

Still, the smell was enough to make any rodent lose his lunch. **UGH!** I was glad I had only eaten three cheese balls.

At last, we made it to the other side. We had reached the number  line.



THE CHAINS OF THE PHANTOM CAT

Just then, a terrifying

MEOWWWW!!!

filled the tunnel. We heard chains clanking on the tracks.

The phantom **CAT** must be near!

My heart was tap dancing like Frankie Fastpaws onstage. **Why, oh, why** had I come along?

Suddenly, it was silent again.

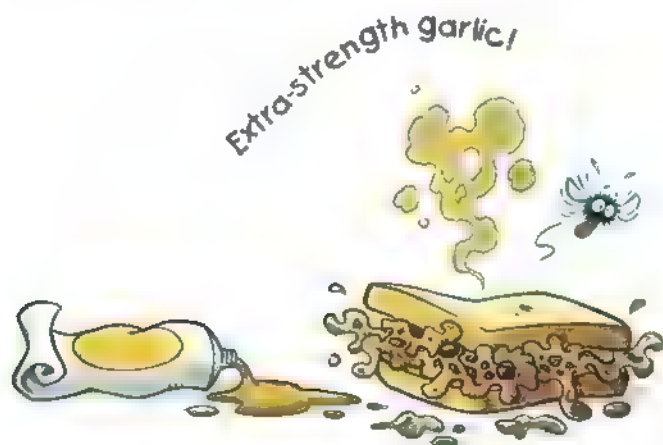
At first, no one moved. We were all shaken. Then Trap began digging through his pack.

“A quick snack for courage,” he explained.



He pulled some bread and a small tube. He squeezed a disgusting paste onto the bread. "**EXTRA-STRENGTH GARLIC!**" he explained with a grin.

We all leaped backward. The stench from that garlic was worse than the **SEWAGE!**



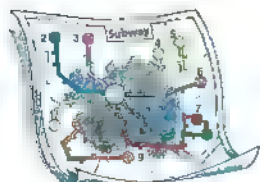


KRUNCHIES! PULLEYS! JINGLE BELLS!

We headed toward Singing Stone Plaza Station. It was tough going. We walked in single file along a narrow ledge. It was dark and spooky. The only sound was water dripping creepily from above: **PLINK, PLINK, PLINK!**

“Stay clear of the rails,” Thea warned us. “They are very dangerous. If you touch the third rail, you’re toast!”

I shivered. My great-uncle Munchy had been struck by lightning in a rainstorm. His whiskers were completely fried off. Luckily, he hadn’t lost his squeak.



We finally reached the subway station. The platform was lit by powerful floodlights. This is



where passengers waited for the trains.

Right then, we heard voices. We hid inside a telephone booth. It was a tight squeeze. I could barely breathe. If only my big-bellied cousin hadn't eaten such a huge lunch. I peeked out of the booth. It was Inspector Clue Rat and his assistant.

"We haven't found any pawprints, Inspector. Neither from a **CAT** nor a mouse," the assistant reported.

Clue Rat muttered to himself. His assistant rambled on.

He explained about the **CAT TRAP**. The feline psychology professor had come up with a plan. It



INSPECTOR CLUE RAT

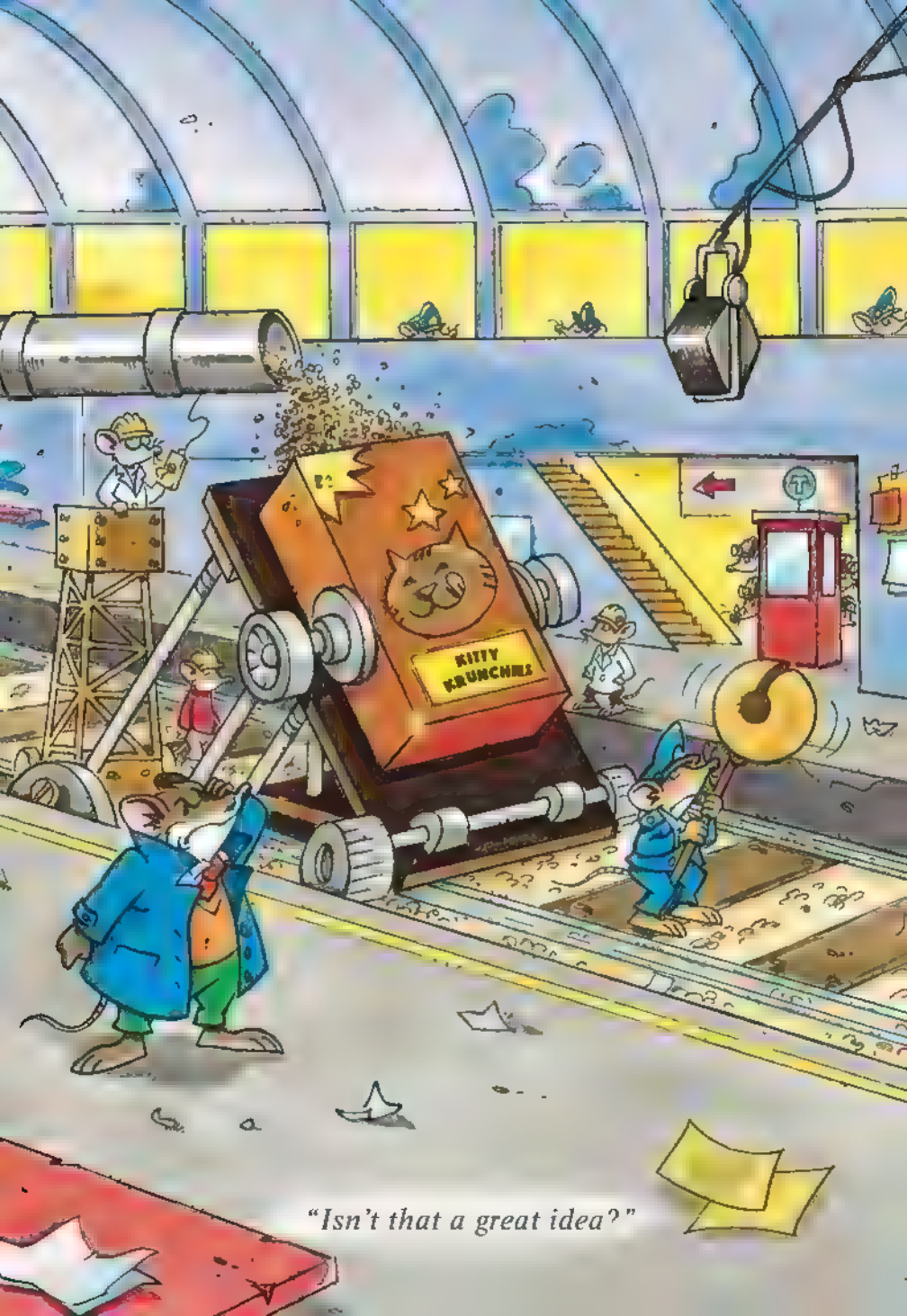


involved four hundred boxes of **Kitty Krunchies**.

“The Krunchies have been transferred to a **giant** box,” the assistant said. “The box will be shaken by a system of pulleys. Then Inspector Darren Dimwhiskers, our colleague, will hide next to the box. He will ring a

huge jingle bell to lure the **CAT**. Isn’t that a great idea?”

Clue Rat looked like he was ready to explode. “**Krunchies!** Pulleys! Jingle bells!” he thundered. He twisted his tail up in a knot. “You call that a great idea?! You call that a scientific method?!” the inspector roared. “Well, I call that psychology professor a total **CLUELESS!**”



"Isn't that a great idea?"

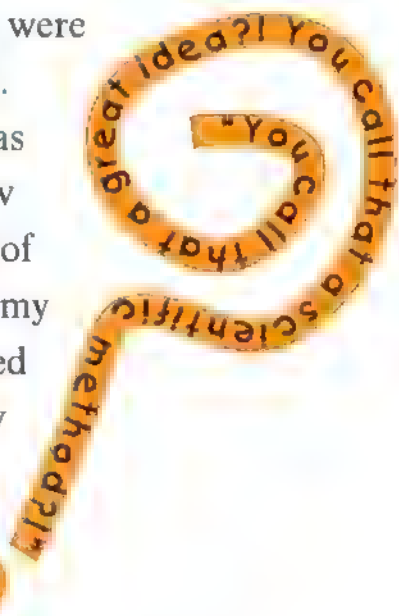


But his assistant wasn't finished yet. "Well, we also have a loudspeaker that can broadcast '**Here, kitty kitty kitty...**'"

The inspector just threw his paws in the air. Then he left in a huff.

I watched him leave. That's when I noticed what a mess the subway had become. The benches were crooked. The floor was stained. The walls were covered in **GRAFFITI!**

The subway system was built fifty years ago. Now it had fifty years' worth of **wear and tear**. I shook my head. This place needed more than just a few repairs. It needed a megamakeover!





The inspector left in a huff.



SHOW YOUR SNOUT!

We were still in the phone booth when we heard more voices.

One was a female's. It was loud. It was abrasive. Yes, I knew that voice well. It belonged to Sally Ratmousen, my number-one enemy.

"I can't wait to beat *The Rodent's Gazette* to this scoop," Sally snickered. "That nitwit Stilton won't know what hit him!"

I seethed with anger.

Sally was with her editor in chief, Pawsley Pinhead. The poor mouse was examining the ground through his magnifying glass.

"Move your tail, **PINHEAD!**" Sally shrieked.

Pawsley licked his whiskers. Sweat dripped down his fur. "Um, Boss, may I go



and get a cheese ice cream from the vending machine?" he mumbled.

Sally thumped her tail. "Ice cream, my paw!

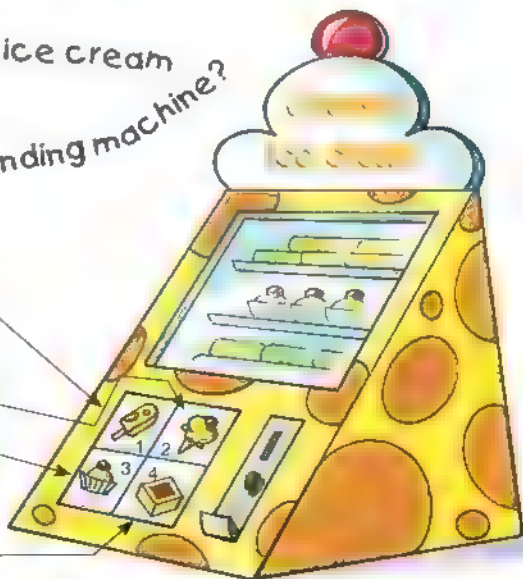
I want some clues and I want them **right now! At once! Immediately!**"


Just then, I felt a sneeze coming on. Quick as a flash, Trap held my snout with his paw.

Sally pricked up her ears. "I could swear I just heard Geronimo Stilton," she muttered.

*May I get a cheese ice cream
from the vending machine?*

1. Gorgonzola popsicle
2. Cheddar ice cream cone with a candied cherry on top
3. Fondue ice cream cake
4. Triple cheese ice cream cake





“But, Boss, we’re the only ones down here,” Pawsley insisted.

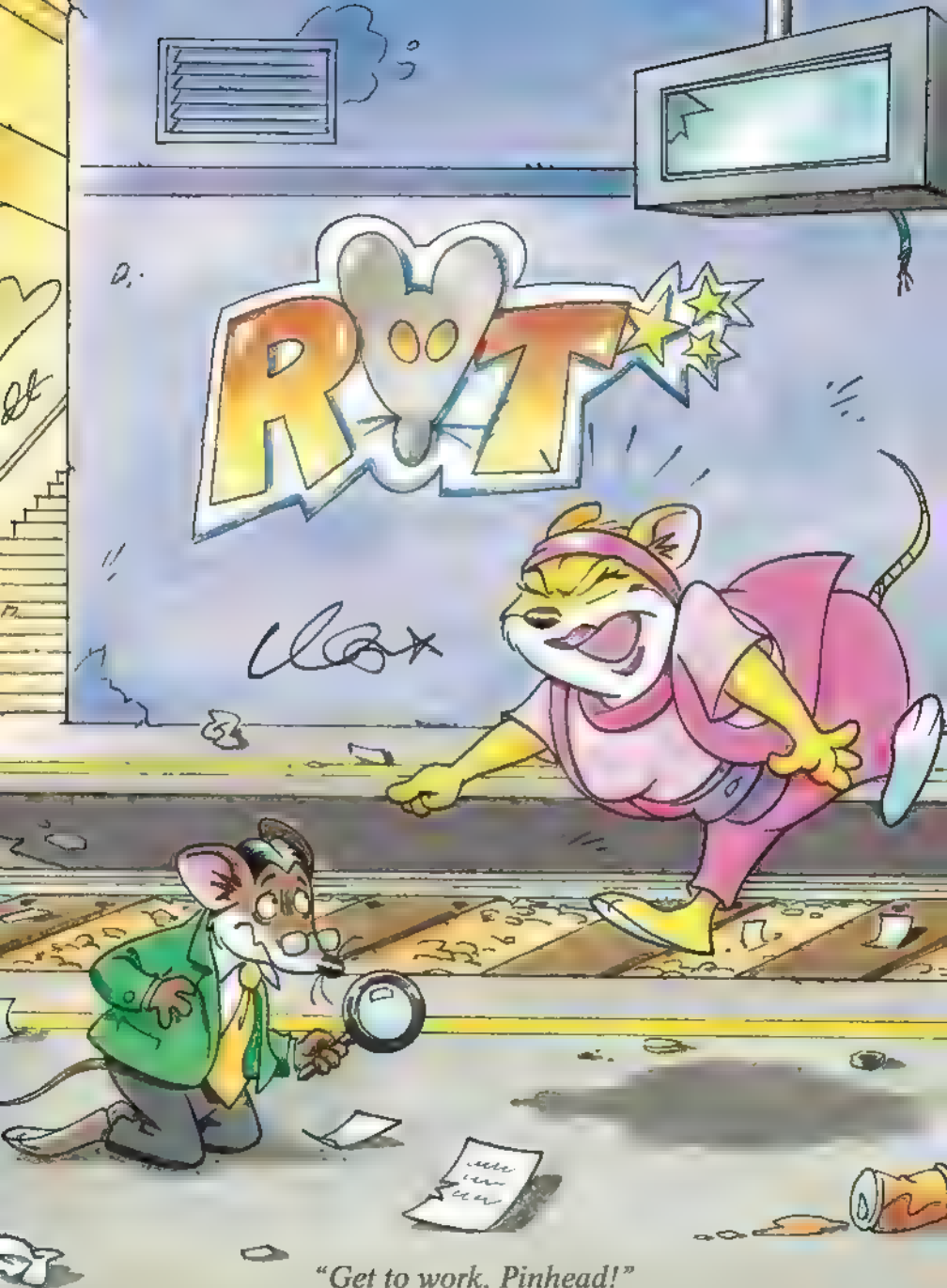
Sally just pinched his ear. “Get to work, **PINHEAD!**” she squeaked.

Suddenly, we heard a terrifying meowing. It was the phantom cat!

Pawsley turned as pale as a piece of mozzarella. “I dare you to come out and show your ugly feline snout!” Sally shouted.

AS IF IN REPLY, THE LIGHTS WENT OFF.

So did Pawsley. He ran off in the dark. Sally ran after him. “Come back, you coward, or I’ll fire you!” she squeaked.



"Get to work, Pinhead!"



ALL BECAUSE OF A BOOT

Seconds later, the lights flicked on again.

We crawled out of our hiding place. Thea began snapping pictures. Pinky took notes.

All of a sudden, I spotted two **yellow** lights at the end of the tunnel. Was it the phantom feline again?

No, this time it was a subway train.

Just then, I heard someone **SHOUTING** for help. I looked down.

What was Trap doing down on the tracks? Had he spotted a half-eaten sandwich? I stretched out my paw to pull him out. Uh-oh.

This was no laughing matter. Trap's boot was **STUCK** in the metal grate!

"Slimy Swiss rolls!" shouted my cousin.



I lowered myself from the platform, trying to keep away from the rails. I had to get that boot off my cousin.

The train raced straight toward us.

"We're dead rats, Cousinkins,"

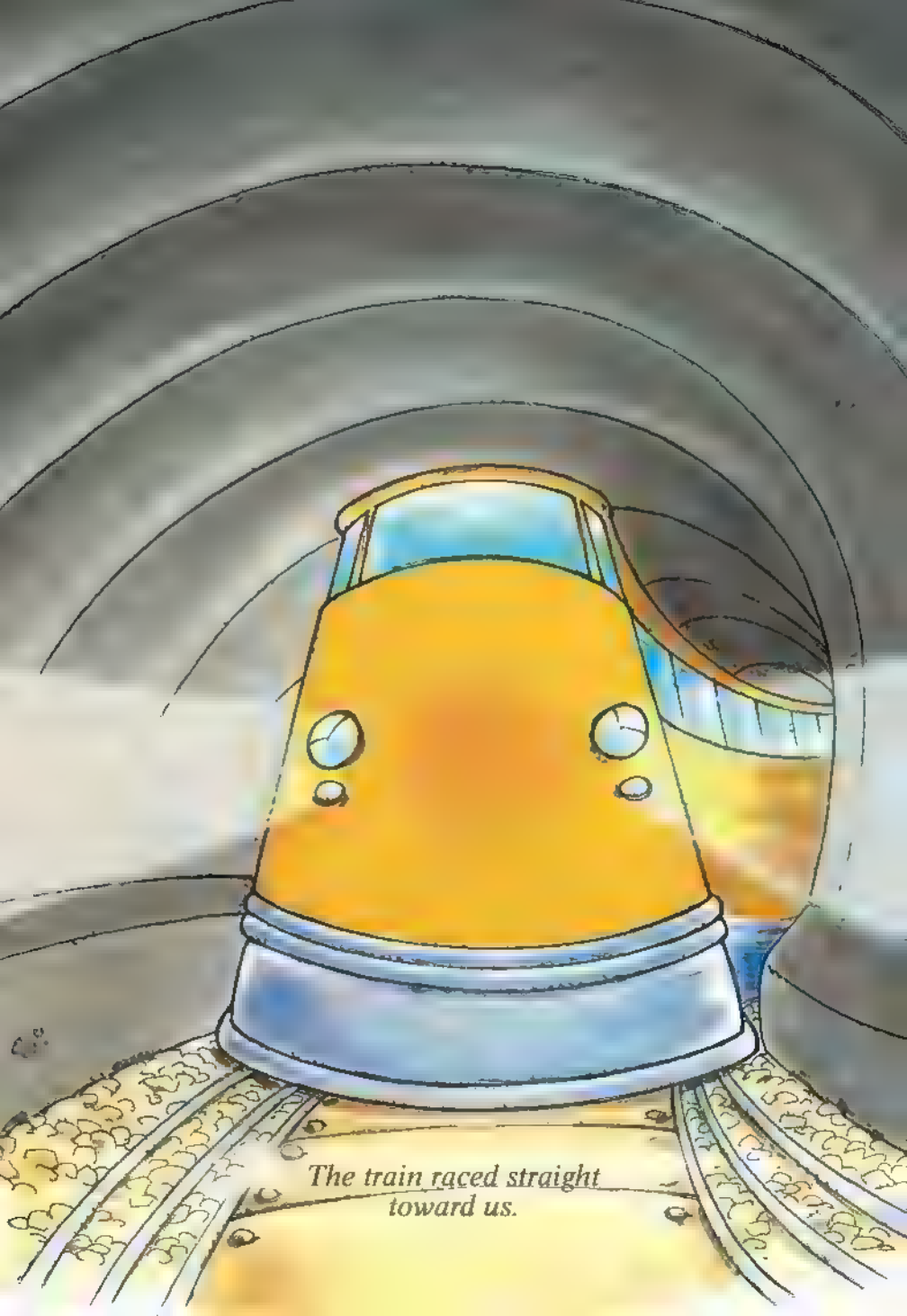
Trap sobbed. "**So long,
Cruel world!**"

Without a word, I began furiously undoing his boot.

There were twelve hooks . . .



**One, two, three, four, five,
six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
eleven . . .**



*The train raced straight
toward us.*

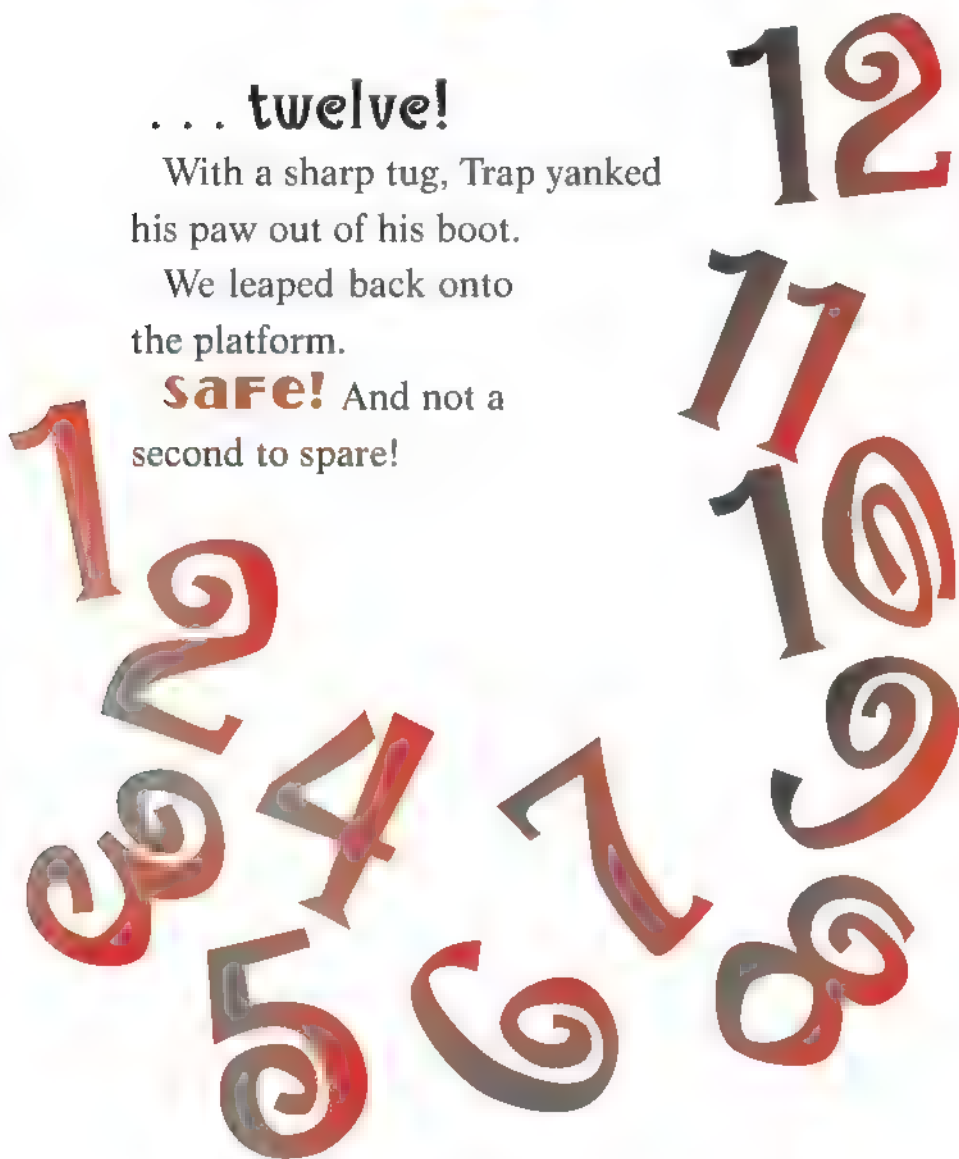


... twelve!

With a sharp tug, Trap yanked his paw out of his boot.

We leaped back onto the platform.

saFe! And not a second to spare!





CAT FOOD

Thea and Pinky came running toward us.

“Wow, **BOSS**, I was sure you were **CAT** food!” Pinky **cried**.

Ugh. There was that word again. *Why* did everyone like to torture me?



Thea held up her camera. “What a fur-raising escape, Geronimo! I’ve got it all on film!” she squeaked excitedly.

“This could get me the prize for the year’s most **spectacular** picture! Ahem, which reminds me, I am glad you made it.”


I **smiled**. My sister likes to act cool, but I know she loves me deep down.

Trap walked toward me, limping on his



one boot. “Those were expensive boots, Germeister,” he announced. “Couldn’t you have yanked a little harder?” Then he punched me in the arm. Hard. I tried not to wince. After all, I knew it was his way of saying thanks.

He rubbed his belly. “That little experience made me hungry,” he squeaked.

 “How about we get some **cheddar ice cream** to celebrate our survival?”

We headed toward the ice cream vending machine.

Meanwhile, Thea and Pinky were deep in conversation. “I wonder who was driving that train,” Pinky said.

“I don’t believe in *GHOSTS*,” I heard Thea whisper.


“Me, neither,” Pinky agreed.

A shiver ran up my tail. Was there really a



ghost **HAUNTING** the subway? I must admit, I was pretty spooked out. Just the thought of it made me want to jump out of my fur! I am not a brave mouse. In fact, my sister, Thea, says I'm the biggest 'fraidy mouse she knows!



At the vending machine,
I spotted something shiny
on the floor. I picked it
up. It was an antique
silver ring shaped like
a slice of .
Carved on the outside
were the initials **P.V.**



It was an antique silver ring.





FOLLOW THOSE PAWPRINTS

Right then, I noticed something else. A strange stain spread across the floor. No, it wasn't a stain. It was some kind of print.

"A pawprint!" Trap declared. "It looks the pawprint of a megahuge **CAT!**"





I felt **faint**. Not the “c” word again. No matter how **hard** I tried, I just couldn’t seem to escape it. Maybe it was time for a pair of earplugs.

Thea snapped a picture of the pawprint.



“Look, there are more of them over there!” she squeaked.

We followed the prints to the entrance of the number **1** line.



THE MYSTERIOUS DOOR

Was this the phantom feline's hiding place? I **cringed**. I wanted to run squeaking from the tunnel. But I didn't. I didn't want to leave without finding out the truth. Plus, I didn't want Thea to tie my tail up in knots.

The pawprints led us deep into the dark tunnel. Then, suddenly, they stopped.

"Look at this!" Pinky exclaimed. "The prints end right at this wall. If there really is a phantom **CAT**, he could have walked right through the wall!"

My fur broke out in a sweat. My whiskers trembled. It was all very strange. And very scary.

Cheese niblets!



Together, we pressed our paws on the wall. It moved!

**ON THE OTHER SIDE
WAS TOTAL DARKNESS!**

“Is that you, Geronimo?” whispered my sister.

She switched on her flashlight. We were at the top of a long staircase. It smelled like moldy blue cheese muffins. **Pee-yu!** I hate stinky smells. Someone needed to use a mop and some Mr. Cleanrat in this place. Carefully, we made our way down the old steps.

At the bottom was a gigantic oak door. It had an enormous keyhole and a huge key in it.

Carved into the door were the initials **P.V.**



Thea pushed the door open with her paw.

Then she took the key out of the keyhole.

“I think we’d better take this with us,” she declared. **“Here, do something useful for a change, Geronimo,”** she added, passing me the key.

I wanted to point out that I was already carrying half her stuff. I had all of her extra film, her big fur brush, and five different types of nail files in case she broke a pawnail. But I didn’t say a word. I was too **SCARED** to argue. I hooked the key to my belt. Then I followed the others.





CONCENTRATED CAT PEE-PEE

On the other side of the door was a huge room. The architecture was magnificent.



The ceiling was supported by huge columns. On each column sat a sculpture of a smiling mouse head.

On the walls were paintings of scenes from the *Great Cat War*.

“How fabumouse!” I breathed, my snout turned upward. Then I tripped. Did I mention I can be a bit of a klutz at times?

Thea picked up the object I had fallen over. It was a jug labeled CONCENTRATED CAT PEE-PEE.



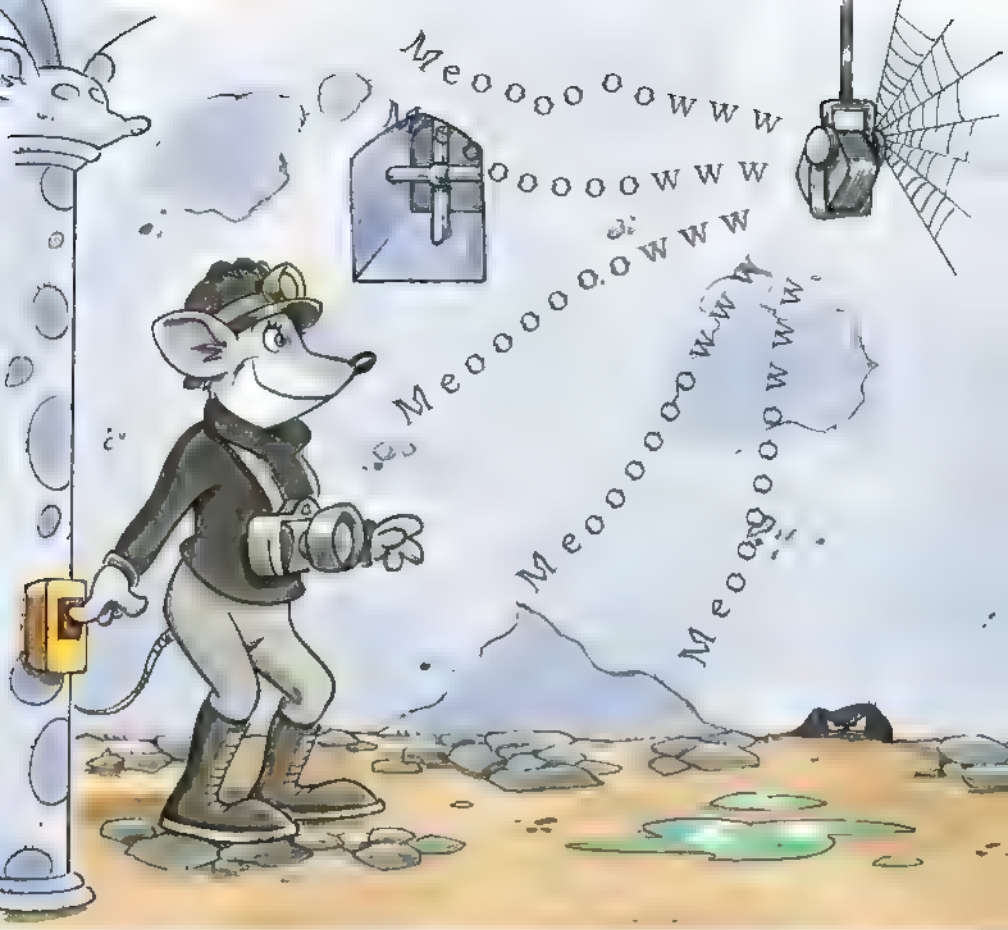
I noticed a row of jars and beakers lined up on a table. We were in some kind of laboratory.

One jar seemed to be glowing in the dark. “I bet that’s some kind of **PHOSPHORESCENT** paint,” Pinky remarked. “The phantom must use it to create special effects.”

Just then, Trap found a switch on the wall. "I wonder what this does," he muttered. He switched it on. A deafening

filled the room.

I jumped so high, I shook paws with the ceiling.



“Calm down, Germeister, it’s just a recording,” my cousin pointed out.

Thea showed us a wall of video recorders. “Look, this is how the phantom must keep an **eye** on everything. It’s like his own personal security system,” she remarked.



Meanwhile, Pinky had discovered a projector sitting on the floor. She switched it on. The shadow of a humongous **CAT** appeared on the wall in front of us.





This time, I didn't just shake paws with the ceiling, I kissed it! I couldn't help it. I knew the **shadow** wasn't from a real **CAT**, but I was still scared. Trap rolled his eyes at me, but I didn't care. I had nothing to be ashamed of. After all, I am a mouse and I do not like **CATS!**



WHAT IS THIS LEVER FOR?

We continued to look around the laboratory. It was filled with lots of strange mechanical devices. I was checking out something that looked like an old jukebox when disaster struck.

“What is this lever for?”
Trap mumbled. Before you could say “**squeak!**” he had pushed it.



Suddenly, all the metal objects in the lab were drawn toward a huge magnet, including the big key that I had hooked to my belt! Soon I was stuck to the magnet like cream on cheese.



"Help!" I screamed.
"Get me down!"

Quiet as a mouse,
Pinky hit the lever again.
Everything hit the floor,
including me. I landed right on my head.
"Rancid rat hairs!" I moaned, rubbing
my fur.

**I was going to have a lump
the size of Mount Cheddar.**



Soon I was stuck to the magnet like cream on cheese.



AH, IT'S A LONG STORY . . .

Right then, the door flew open. We all turned around in surprise.

An **enormouse** creature stood in the doorway. I gulped. No, it wasn't just any old creature. It was a **CAT!** A **CAT** who was twenty feet long and weighed five hundred pounds!

The head was huge, with pointed ears. The whiskers shook. The gold-speckled eyes looked cruel. In fact, they seemed to look right through us.

My heart hammered away under my **FUR**. My paws shook. I was about to faint in front of a monster-sized **CAT!**

I tried giving myself a quick pep talk.



*Don't worry, Geronimo. It's not that bad, I told myself. Maybe he's a vegetarian. Maybe he just wants to borrow a cup of sugar. Maybe he's lonely. But I knew I was kidding myself. I mean, I'm not blind. I could tell this **CAT** meant business. Still, there was something different about him. What was it? Maybe it was his eyes. They seemed so fixed and glassy. Or maybe it was his fur. It looked so fake.*

Just then, we heard a weird whirring sound. The cat marched toward us with stiff **ROBOTLIKE** movements.

Suddenly, he stood up on his hind paws. Then he grabbed his own hairy head and pulled it off!



Professor Paws von Volt



My mouth dropped open in shock. But I was even more shocked at what happened next. A mouse slid out of the **CAT**'s body and calmly headed toward us. Then he wrapped me in a giant hug. "*Geronimo Stilton*, my old friend," he gushed. "It's so good to see you again."

I could hardly believe my eyes. It was my dear friend Professor Paws von Volt! *Professor von Volt* was a brilliant scientist and inventor. We had met on one of my many adventures.

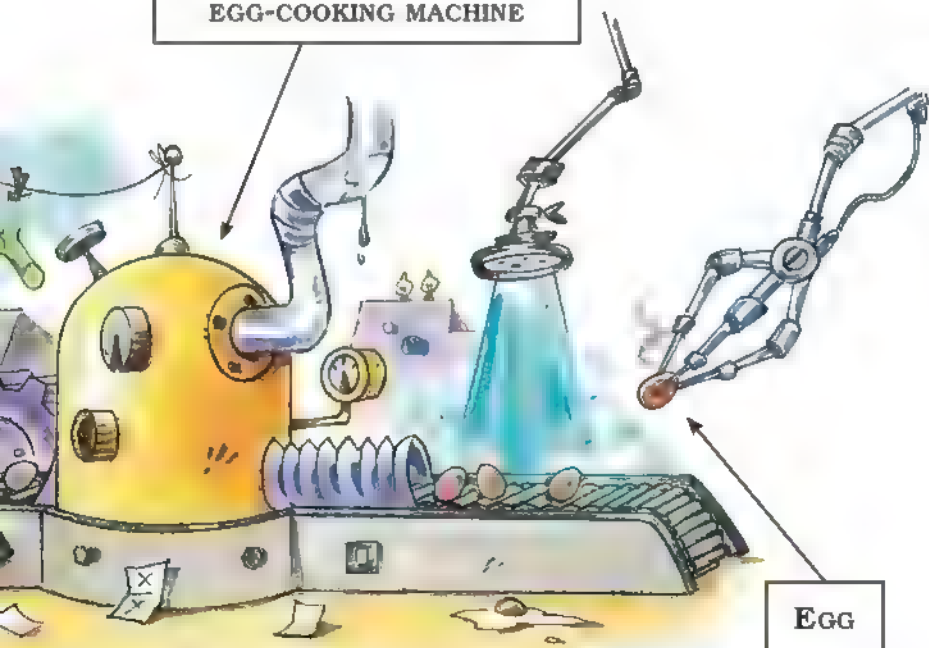
I introduced my sister, my cousin, and Pinky Pick to the professor. They shook paws.





“It’s so nice to meet all of you,” said the professor. “I feel like I already know you. You see, Geronimo is my favorite writer. I

THE PROFESSOR WITH ONE
OF HIS INVENTIONS—AN
EGG-COOKING MACHINE



EGG



love reading his tales of adventure. They're so funny, I *laugh* my tail off!"

I grinned. Professor von Volt is one of my biggest fans. I like to send him my latest books when they come out. But sometimes finding the professor is like trying to find a whisker in a haystack. That's because the professor is never in one place for too long. He is always moving his **LABORATORY** from one spot to the next. That way, no one can steal his secret discoveries.

"I didn't know you had moved your laboratory," I told the professor. I am usually the only one to know each new address.

The professor rubbed his head. "Oh, dear, I'm sorry, Geronimo," he apologized. "I've been so busy with my inventions, I completely forgot to call you."



“No problem,” I said, smiling. I wasn’t surprised. The professor can be totally absentminded. Once he tried to build a house **underwater**. It was sort of like a square submarine with a chimney. The professor was so busy working on the outside of the house that he didn’t notice a shark had moved inside! Talk about a **SCARY** house guest!

The professor showed us some of his latest inventions. There was a super-powered automatic cheese grater, a paw massager, and a

Steam Whisker Curler!



Steam whisker curler

“Can I try?” Thea asked, picking up the curler.

The machine let off a puff of steam.

“Wow!” Thea cried, checking out her perfectly curled ~~whiskers~~. “I have to buy one of these!”

The professor chuckled. “This is only a sample,” he explained. “When I get a patent for it, I will send you one.”

As usual, the professor’s inventions were all incredible. But why had he created a giant robot cat?

“Ah, it’s a **Long** story,” the professor explained. “Let me start at the beginning. . . .”



MY LATEST INVENTION IS . . .

“As a young **mouselet**, I loved to dig tunnels underground. I would dig tunnels to get to school. I would dig tunnels to get to my friends’ mouse holes. I would dig tunnels to get to the cheese shop. When I grew up, my family sent me off to Ratford. It is the most **prestigious** university on Mouse Island. I studied **science, physics, chemistry, mathematics, history, medicine, and more**. After I graduated, I was still fascinated with tunnels. I came up with a plan. New Mouse City had so much traffic. Why couldn’t we build a transportation system under the ground?

“The mayor loved my plan. They started



building right away. I helped. And that's when I made an important *discovery*. There is a network of secret rooms under the city, dating back to the *Great Cat War*. They were used for communication with the outside





when the town was under attack. I decided to make one of the rooms into a hidden lab. Here I can conduct my experiments on **ELECTRO MAGNETIC FIELDS**. There are no electrical sources underground to interfere. It's the ideal location!"

I was impressed. Only a brilliant scientist like the professor would come up with such an amazing idea.

"Would you like to see my latest **INVENTION**?" the professor asked. We all nodded.

He picked up a small box that looked like a remote control. "I call this the **Voltinator**. It allows me to move any object without even touching it," Professor von Volt said.

He pointed the device at Trap. As if by magic, Trap rose into the air.



“Look at me, I’m a bird! I’m a plane! I’m a flying mouse!” my cousin giggled.

Professor von Volt lowered him to the floor with great care.

“I bet you could make a lot of **DOUGH** with that thingy,” squeaked Trap.

The professor nodded. Then he grew serious. “Last Sunday, someone discovered this lab,” he said. “And that got me thinking. What if the **Voltinator** fell into the wrong paws? It could be a total disaster. Maybe the world is not ready for my invention yet.”


The professor had decided to move his laboratory once again.



Voltinator



He had built the enormous **robot CAT** to keep away intruders while he packed.

We all listened to the professor's tale. The only sound was my cousin munching on an onion and  sandwich.

At last, Pinky broke the silence. "So you were the one driving the subway train," she remarked. "And you projected those **CAT** shadows on the walls."



Professor von Volt held up his paw. "Guilty as charged," he admitted. "But today I am leaving. You won't have to worry about the phantom of the subway anymore."

At that moment, the door swung open. Sally Ratmousen and Pawsley Pinhead barged into the room. Sally took one look at me and **SHRIEKED**. "Stilton! What are you doing here?!" she cried.



CROSS MY PAWS!

Professor von Volt looked angry. “Well, well, Miss Ratmousen. Did you forget something?” he smirked. “After all, this isn’t your first visit to my lab, is it?”

Sally turned pale. Then she put her paws on her hips. “Of course this is my first visit!” she squeaked. “I’ve never set eyes on this joint before. **CROSS My paws!**”

The professor shook his head. Then he switched on one of the machines.

“This video was recorded last Sunday,” he said. “How do you explain this, Miss Ratmousen?”

The recording showed Sally and Pawsley rummaging through the lab.

“THAT’S NOT ME!”



Sally squeaked. "I've been **framed!**"

Professor von Volt sighed. "I didn't just fall off the cheese truck, Miss Ratmousen," he snorted. "You are a liar and a sneak. **I can't have my experiments falling into the wrong paws.**"

He picked up a small suitcase and waved good-bye to us. I wondered where he would set up shop this time. In a grass hut? Under a lake? Somewhere in the Blue Cheese Mountains? You never knew with *Professor* von Volt.

Before he left, I gave him the silver ring I had found. Now I knew what those initials stood for. They stood for Paws von Volt.



"Thank you, Geronimo. This ring has been in our family for *generations*," my friend beamed.



At that moment, Sally raced over. “Listen Volt, I’ll pay you anything for those inventions. Anything you want!” she shrieked. **“Right now! At once! Immediately!”**

When he didn’t answer, Sally grabbed the professor by the tail. “You don’t want this to get ugly, do you?” she hissed.

Again the professor didn’t answer. Instead, he picked up the **Voltinator**. He used it to lift Sally into the air. *Then he set her down on a chandelier.*

Sally was fuming. *Uh-oh*, I gulped. She looked madder than my grandma Onewhisker when she found a mouse trap in her garden!

With a terrifying squeak, Sally leaped onto the professor. “Give it up, Volt!” she **yelled**, reaching for the Voltinator. “With this thing, I’m gonna get **RICH, RICH RICH!**”



With a terrifying squeak, Sally leaped onto the professor.



And then I'm gonna rule the world!"

A picture flashed before my eyes. It was the front page of a newspaper. RATMOUSEN TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD! the headline screamed. RIGHT NOW! AT ONCE! IMMEDIATELY!

Just then, the professor threw something onto the center of the floor. A

filled the room. It smelled like cheese.

"Don't worry," my friend called as he raced away. "It's just a Swiss cheese smoke bomb. It won't hurt you."





After a while, we found our way out of the laboratory.

Sally had a **murderous** look in her eyes. "You'd better watch your step, Volt!" she **SCREAMED** to the empty hallway. "I'm going to find you and steal all of your inventions one day!"

But I knew she wouldn't. The professor was probably halfway to the Mousehamas in an invisible boat by now. Yep, Professor Paws von Volt truly was one clever scientist.





A SCOOP IN THE MAKING!

At last, the subway system was back to normal. Inspector Clue Rat closed the case. Rodents everywhere breathed a sigh of relief.

One month later, I received a package in the mail. It had a milion stamps all over it. It must have come from very far away. Can you guess who it was from?

*For Mr. Geronimo Milton
Publisher, The Rodent's Gazette
17 Swiss Cheese Center
New Mouse City, Mouse Island
13131*

Yes, it was from my dear friend Professor Paws von Volt. He had sent gifts.

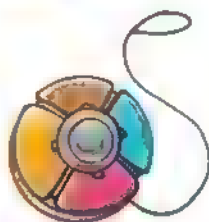


There was:

- a steam whisker curler for Thea



- an interactive YO-YO for Pinky



- a pen with yellow ink for Trap. It was just perfect for a mouse like Trap. He always ends up eating his words!



And for me? Well, there was a tube with several papers inside. I ripped open the letter attached to the tube.

It read,



Dear Geronimo,

Please publish this letter of apology in your paper.

I would like to tell all of the residents of New Mouse City that I am sorry for scaring them. In addition, I would like to pass along these plans I have drawn to restore the subway system. It is my gift to the city.

Thank you again, Geronimo. You are a true gentlemouse.

Yours sincerely,

Paws von Volt

I smiled. Now, here was a *scoop* worth *squeaking* about.

I called my sister.



"Thea, we are still going to get our story," I announced. "Prepare the front page headlines!"

Special edition!!! Paws von Volt, the brilliant professor who designed New Mouse City's subway system, has presented the city with a renovation project! Turn to page 4 for all of the labumouse details!

The special edition of *The Rodent's Gazette* sold like hot cakes.

I even received a call from Mouse Island's top movie company, *Top On Film*. They wanted to make a movie about the phantom and Professor von Volt. They were





offering a ton of money. Still, I didn't want to give away all of the professor's secrets. I turned down the offer. After all, I am a *gentlemouse*.

My cousin was beside himself. "How could you, Gerry Berry!" he squeaked. "We could be rich! We could quit this **RAT RACE!** We could be soaking up the **SUN** on the Swiss Cheese islands."

I just shook my head. I mean, some things are more important than money.



I AM A TRUE GENTLEMOUSE!

Six months went by. One day, I received another letter from the professor. It said,

Dear Geronimo,

I am about to leave on an exciting trip. I am doing an experiment on Time Travel.

Would you like to join me? You could keep a diary. Then you could write a book about our adventure.

The professor explained that we would go back to the time of the dinosaurs, and then . . .



Oh, but that's another story — and another book!

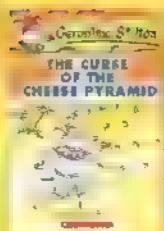
In his letter, the professor also gave me his new address. But it's a *secret*, of course. Yep, you can ask all you want, but I'm not squeaking! I promised the professor I wouldn't tell anyone. And, as I have already told you, *I am a true gentlemouse. . . .*



**Don't miss
any of my
fabumouse
adventures!**



**#1 Lost Treasure
of the Emerald Eye**



**#2 The Curse
of the Cheese
Pyramid**



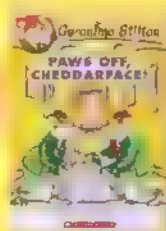
**#3 Cat and
Mouse in a
Haunted House**



**#4 I'm Too Fond
of My Fur!**



**#5 Four Mice
Deep in the Jungle**



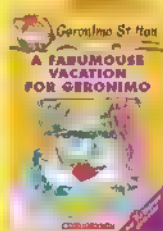
**#6 Paws Off,
Cheddarface!**



**#7 Red Pizzas for
a Blue Count**



**#8 Attack of the
Bandit Cats**



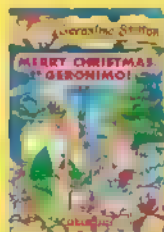
**#9 A Fabumouse
Vacation for
Geronimo**



**#10 All Because of
a Cup of Coffee**



**#11 It's
Halloween, You
'Fraidy Mouse!**



**#12 Merry
Christmas,
Geronimo!**



**#13 The Phantom
of the Subway**



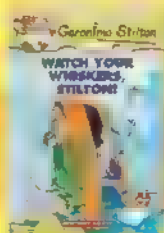
**#14 The Temple of
the Ruby of Fire**



**#15 The Mona
Mousa Code**



**#16 A Cheese-
Colored Camper**



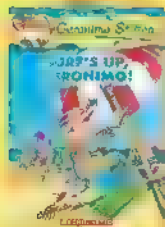
**#17 Watch Your
Whiskers, Stilton!**



**#18 Shipwreck on
the Pirate Islands**



**#19 My Name Is
Stilton, Geronimo
Stilton**



**#20 Surf's Up,
Geronimo!**



**#21 The Wild,
Wild West**



**#22 The Secret
of Cacklefur
Castle**



A Christmas Tale



**#23 Valentine's
Day Disaster**



**#24 Field Trip to
Niagara Falls**



**#25 The Search
for Sunken
Treasure**



**#26 The Mummy
with No Name**



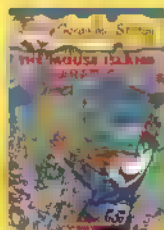
**#27 The
Christmas Toy
Factory**



**#28 Wedding
Crasher**



**#29 Down and
Out Down Under**



**#30 The Mouse
Island Marathon**



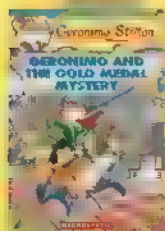
**#31 The
Mysterious
Cheese Thief**



**Christmas
Catastrophe**



**#32 Valley of the
Giant Skeletons**



**#33 Geronimo
and the Gold
Medal Mystery**



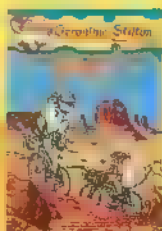
**#34 Geronimo
Stilton, Secret
Agent**



**#35 A Very Merry
Christmas**



**#36 Geronimo's
Valentine**



**#37 The Race
Across America**



#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure



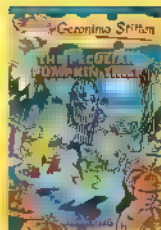
#39 Singing Sensation



#40 The Karate Mouse



#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro



#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!



#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



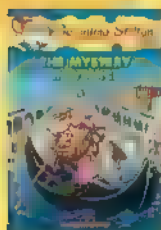
#45 Save the White Whale!



#46 The Haunted Castle



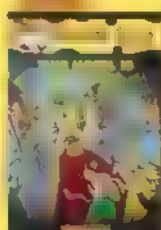
#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!



#48 The Mystery in Venice



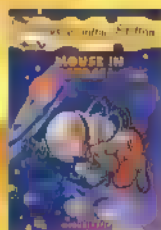
#49 The Way of the Samurai



#50 This Hotel Is Haunted



#51 The Enormouse Pearl Heist



#52 Mouse in Space!



#53 Rumble in the Jungle



#54 Get into Gear, Stilton!



#55 The Golden Statue Plot



#56 Flight of the Red Bandit



**Special Edition:
The Hunt for the Golden Book**



**Check out
these exciting
Thea Sisters
adventures!**



**Theo Stilton and the
Dragon's Code**



**Theo Stilton and the
Mountain of Fire**



**Theo Stilton and the
Ghost of the Shipwreck**



**Theo Stilton and the
Secret City**



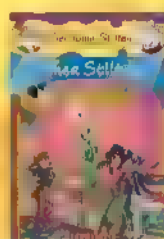
**Theo Stilton and the
Mystery in Paris**



**Theo Stilton and the
Cherry Blossom Adventure**



**Theo Stilton and the
Star Castaways**



**Theo Stilton Big Trouble
In the Big Apple**



**Theo Stilton and the
Ice Treasure**



**Theo Stilton and the
Secret of the Old Castle**



**Theo Stilton and the
Blue Scarab Hunt**



**Theo Stilton and the
Prince's Emerald**



**Theo Stilton and the Mystery
on the Orient Express**



**Theo Stilton and the
Dancing Shadows**



**Theo Stilton and the
Legend of the Fire
Flowers**



**Theo Stilton and the
Spanish Dance Mission**



**Theo Stilton and the
Journey to the Lion's Den**



**Theo Stilton and the
Great Tulip Heist**



Be sure
to read all
my adventures
in the Kingdom
of Fantasy!



**THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



**THE QUEST FOR
PARADISE:
THE RETURN TO THE
KINGDOM OF FANTASY**



**THE AMAZING
VOYAGE:
THE THIRD ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



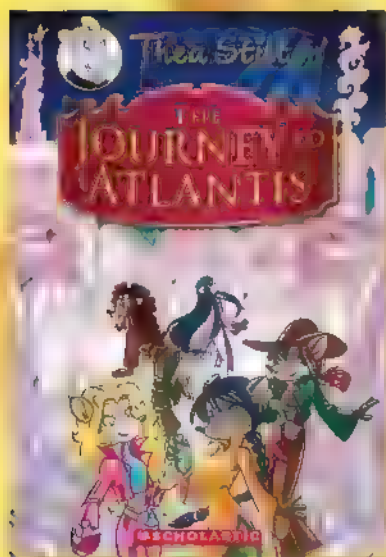
**THE DRAGON
PROPHECY:
THE FOURTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



**THE VOLCANO
OF FIRE:
THE FIFTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



Check out
these very
special editions
featuring me
and the Thea
Sisters!



THE JOURNEY
TO ATLANTIS



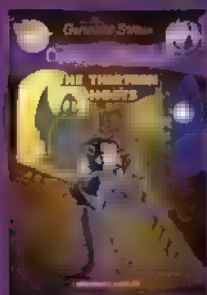
THE SECRET OF
THE FAIRIES



Meet

CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR

I, *Geronimo Stilton*, have a lot of mouse friends, but none as **spooky** as my friend **CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR**! She is an enchanting and **MYSTERIOUS** mouse with a pet bat named **Bitewing**. **YIKES!** I'm a real 'fraidy mouse, but even I think **CREEPELLA** and her family are **AWFULLY** fascinating. I can't wait for you to read all about **CREEPELLA** in these **la-mouse-ly funny** and **spectacularly spooky** tales!



11 **The Thirteenth Hour**
by Geronimo Stilton



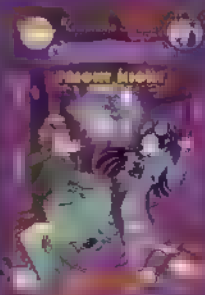
12 **Night Fall in Hallowood**
by Geronimo Stilton



13 **Spooky Places**
by Geronimo Stilton



14 **Frightful and Vicious**
by Geronimo Stilton

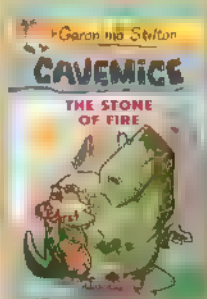


15 **Spooky Kooky**
by Geronimo Stilton

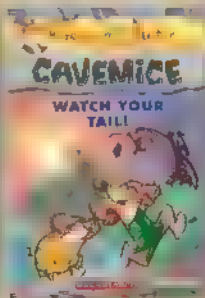


Meet **GERONIMO STILTONOOT**

He is a cavemouse — Geronimo Stilton's ancient ancestor! He runs the stone newspaper in the prehistoric village of Old Mouse City. From dealing with dinosaurs to dodging meteorites, his life in the Stone Age is full of adventure!



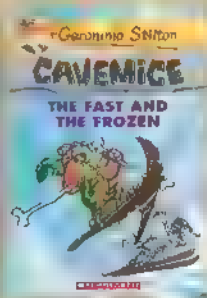
#1 The Stone of Fire



#2 Watch Your Tail!



#3 Help, I'm in Hot Lava!



#4 The Fast and the Frozen



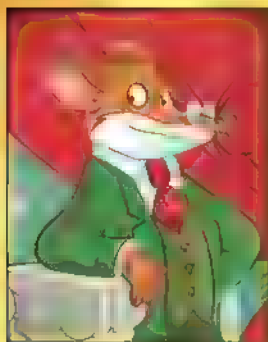


Join me and my friends on
a journey through time in
this very special edition!



THE JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Born in New Mouse City, Mouse Island, **GERONIMO STILTON** is Rattus Emeritus of Mousomorphic Literature and of Neo-Ratonic Comparative Philosophy. For the past twenty years, he has been running *The Rodent's Gazette*, New Mouse City's most widely read daily newspaper.

Stilton was awarded the Ratitzer Prize for his scoops on *The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid* and *The Search for Sunken Treasure*. He has also received the Andersen 2000 Prize for Personality of the Year. One of his bestsellers won the 2002 eBook Award for world's best ratlings' electronic book. His works have been published all over the globe.

In his spare time, Mr. Stilton collects antique cheese rinds and plays golf. But what he most enjoys is telling stories to his nephew Benjamin.



1. Main entrance
2. Printing presses (where the books and newspaper are printed)
3. Accounts department
4. Editorial room (where the editors, illustrators, and designers work)
5. Geronimo Stilton's office
6. Helicopter landing pad

*THE RODENT'S
GAZETTE*



Map of New Mouse City

1. Industrial Zone
2. Cheese Factories
3. Angorat International Airport
4. WRAT Radio and Television Station
5. Cheese Market
6. Fish Market
7. Town Hall
8. Snotnose Castle
9. The Seven Hills of Mouse Island
10. Mouse Central Station
11. Trade Center
12. Movie Theater
13. Gym
14. Catnegie Hall
15. Singing Stone Plaza
16. The Gouda Theater
17. Grand Hotel
18. Mouse General Hospital
19. Botanical Gardens
20. Cheap Junk for Less (Trap's store)
21. Aunt Sweetfur and Benjamin's House
22. Mouseum of Modern Art
23. University and Library
24. *The Daily Rat*
25. *The Rodent's Gazette*
26. Trap's House
27. Fashion District
28. The Mouse House Restaurant
29. Environmental Protection Center
30. Harbor Office
31. Mousidon Square Garden
32. Golf Course
33. Swimming Pool
34. Tennis Courts
35. Curlyfur Island Amusement Park
36. Geronimo's House
37. Historic District
38. Public Library
39. Shipyard
40. Thea's House
41. New Mouse Harbor
42. Luna Lighthouse
43. The Statue of Liberty
44. Hercule Poirat's Office
45. Petunia Pretty Paws's House
46. Grandfather William's House

Brigand's Isle

This way to the Rodent Straits



Tomcat island



Pirate Ship
of Cats



Hamster Islands



Coral Reefs

This way
to the Mousfic
Ocean



Stray
Cat
Harbor

Blue Dolphin
Bay

Cat's
Claw
Bay

Panther
Archipelago

Swissville

Cheddarton

Mouseport

This way
to the
Atlantis Ocean

San Mouscisco

New Mouse City

Mousefort Beach

Furflung Island



This way to the Sea of Mice

N



S

1
MOUSE ISLAND

Map of Mouse Island

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Big Ice Lake | 21. Lake Lakelake |
| 2. Frozen Fur Peak | 22. Lake Lakelakelake |
| 3. Slipperyslopes Glacier | 23. Cheddar Crag |
| 4. Coldcreeps Peak | 24. Cannycat Castle |
| 5. Ratzikistan | 25. Valley of the Giant Sequoia |
| 6. Transratania | 26. Cheddar Springs |
| 7. Mount Vamp | 27. Sulfurous Swamp |
| 8. Roastedrat Volcano | 28. Old Reliable Geyser |
| 9. Brimstone Lake | 29. Vole Vale |
| 10. Poopedcat Pass | 30. Ravingrat Ravine |
| 11. Stinko Peak | 31. Gnat Marshes |
| 12. Dark Forest | 32. Munster Highlands |
| 13. Vain Vampires Valley | 33. Mousehara Desert |
| 14. Goose Bumps Gorge | 34. Oasis of the Sweaty Camel |
| 15. The Shadow Line Pass | 35. Cabbagehead Hill |
| 16. Penny Pincher Castle | 36. Rattytrap Jungle |
| 17. Nature Reserve Park | 37. Rio Mosquito |
| 18. Las Ratayas Marinas | |
| 19. Fossil Forest | |
| 20. Lake Lake | |



Dear mouse friends,
Thanks for reading, and farewell
till the next book.
It'll be another whisker-licking-good
adventure, and that's a promise!



Geronimo Stilton



GERONIMO STILTON



THEA



TRAP




BENJAMIN

Who is Geronimo Stilton?

That's me! I run a newspaper, but my true passion is writing adventure stories. Here in New Mouse City, the capital of Mouse Island, my books are all bestsellers! My stories are funny, fa-mouse-ly funny. They are whisker-licking-good tales, and that's a promise!

THE PHANTOM OF THE SUBWAY

Smokin' Swiss cheese! There was a ghost haunting New Mouse City's subway tunnels. My whiskers were trembling with terror at the thought of it! But I knew I had to get the scoop for *The Rodent's Gazette*. So I set off to investigate. Little did I know that I was in for the fright of my life—because the ghost turned out to be a CAT!

 **SCHOLASTIC**

[www.scholastic.com/
geronimostilton](http://www.scholastic.com/geronimostilton)

RL3 007-010